

BRAINS

THE JOURNAL OF EGGHEAD SEXUALITY

Adults Only
Volume 1, number 1
\$3.00

**Horny
Smart
Naked
Guys**



**Smart
Naked
Horny
Guys**

Inside: Photos, Personals, One handed fiction and True
Stories by, for and about men who believe a mind is a
terrible thing to waste.

CONTENTS

BRAINS, Volume one, Number one, Summer of Love, 1990. Published by B. Works., San Francisco. All contributions copyright 1990 for the authors.

The appearance of any person or character, fictional or real, in this publication implies nothing about that person or character's sexual preference or behavior. All models are over twenty one years of age. This publication is intended as a record of acts committed or fantasised by its contributors and is not intended to advocate any act or behavior. We believe that every individual should take responsibility for the consequences for their own actions, and we strongly recommend that all individuals practice safe sex, regardless of whatever sexual acts they may wish to depict. Sexual acts depicted in **BRAINS** are performed by trained professionals, and should not be attempted by the home enthusiast without supervision. *Strict supervision.*

Letters: readers sound off page 3

Quiz: test your trick page 5

Brainsbio: a meeting with the mysterious "m" page 6

Fiction: words to stroke by page 9

Syllabus: stuff you must know about now page 12

Brains Pictorial: a trip to the bookstore page 14

Personals: a gathering of eager egg-heads page 19

LETTERS

Dear fellow egg-chasers,
There's hardly a day that goes by without me fantasizing about the prospect of getting it on with some hirsute guy with a gorgeous pair of frames. My friend claims that his ultimate fantasy is having a big Russian lit professor to dominate, but mine runs more like this: there's this bookstore that I go into about four times a week and behind the counter is a guy in his late thirties, a little beefy, and I can tell by looking at him that he's got a bit of a belly with a tracery of hair. He's got green eyes that squint slightly when he's not wearing his wire rims. One day I come by the bookstore early, as he's opening up. We chat and he invites me up behind the counter, to "show me something." There, underneath the register is a collar, and lower to the ground a pair of cuffs. I somehow know there's no bargaining now, and he straps me into the rig, and hauls out his meat. By this time people are starting to show up in the store, and for the rest of the day, I'm down there slurping away while he is answering questions about publishers, chatting about reviews in the *Times Literary Supplement* and debating the relative merits of Vico and Montale. Every once in a while he takes off his glasses and holds them under the counter for me to lick so that he can wipe them. I know it's sick, but I just can't help savoring the grunge that collects in the corners of the lens. Phew! I've got to go now, but I'm looking forward to more issues of your hot

mag.

Yours in the life of the mind,
Name withheld

*Dear Name,
Hot fantasy, but why don't you stop withholding your name, get a personal ad, and start sending us some reality to read about? I'm sure that there are more than enough bookstore employees out there ready to get their pipes cleaned by a thirsty suck-hole such as yourself. - Ed.*

Dear Brains,
Heard about your 'zine and I thought I better write to tell you; there's a hot young cop with black boots patrolling the SFSU toilets who's been making life rough for those of us who like sex with students. I walked in the other day just as he was busting this cute kid from engineering. The kid's pants were still around his ankles and there was a pencil behind his ear (sigh). I contemplated switching over to City College, but it's a bit more out of my way, and the guys there don't seem as serious about their studies. I look forward to BRAINS and the whole sexuality of the central nervous system.

Sincerely,
Your Devoted Slave

*Dear Slave,
Thanks for the warning and have you tried U.C. Med Center 4th floor, main building? Full of University boys who like to play doctor!*

Continued on next page

Hey You Criminals,
Understand the Tabloid Project is infiltrating the porn scene with a real wimp-zine called BRAINS. Dennis tells me it's a rag for butt-pirates with a lot on their minds. Sounds super-cool. I know my nuts always ache around a pair of thick-framed glasses, especially when they're on one of those unkempt bookish dudes. Some of the best scenes we've ever had have been in library toilets, once with a guy who kept his bookbag on the whole time. I was sucking him off and I could see some notes and equations sticking out of the top of the bag, which kept swinging and smacking his butt as he thrust his pelvis. Turns out he was a chem student and a good six and a half inches to boot (not that I'm into size so much as measurements in general). Anyway, good luck and send me a copy pronto. There's little decent J.O. material in this neck o' the woods.

Anxiously yours,
Encyclopedia Brown

Dear Dick,
*Very stimulating, please send detailed trans-
actions of this encounter and others. The
mind is a terrible thing to waste. Ed.*

Dear Nayland and Darrell-Lynn,
Is it true that you now have "pornogra-
pher" to add to your already seamy
credits? I shudder to think what form
this BRAINS mag will take under your
direction, but I suppose there's always
room on the nightstand for one more
perversion. Is this going to be a mag
about hot guys who have "smart sex" or
"smart guys" who like to have hot sex?
Personally, my favorite underground
pornography right now is *Bound &
Gagged*. I can't think of anything
smarter than a nice tight knot.

Carl Trueblood (Computer Nerd
and Political Activist)

Dear Mr Trueblood,
*It's a rag for fags who get "hard" over the
idea of sex with a brainy punk, ropes op-
tional and welcome.-D-L*

Carl,
Any "smart sex" is "hot sex".-N.B.

**BRAINS welcomes, nay demands letters from its readers.
Send all correspondence to
BRAINS 1316 Dolores Street San Francisco, Ca. 94110**

*Brains would like to wave a hearty hello to all comrade publications such as
JDs, Daddy, A Taste of Latex, Bound and Gagged, Sir Bros,
My Comrade, Holy Tit Clamps, Josh, Homocore, October, Boas,
Newsex, Sister!, and all others. All of these quality publications are
warmly recommended for your reading pleasure.*

**Special thanks to Christian Huygen for superb proofreading.
If there are any typos, it's not his fault.**

HOW TO TELL IF YOUR TRICK IS REALLY SMART

A BRAINS Quiz

Nothing is so irritating as the moment when you realize that the hot number you found downstairs at City Lights was really looking for the self-help psychology section in order to get some new monosyllabic "affirmations" book or something. Below is a quick quiz that will allow you to discern whether there are any glimmerings of true intelligence behind the dazzling facade you wish to penetrate.

Score 2 points for a correct answer, zero points for a wrong answer, and a bonus point for any answer (even wrong) that is given as part of an interesting new take on the problem. Blank, uncomprehending stares get a -1 point.

1. Who was it who wrote that thing about "the banality of evil"?
2. How big is that in metric?
3. A friend of mine is researching the architecture of sound; can you suggest any good technical libraries?
4. Can you explain what Baudrillard means by a "secondary" order of simulacra?
5. Who was the "other woman" whose influence drove a decisive wedge between Walter Benjamin and Gershom Scholem, and led Benjamin to attempt an increasingly materialist critique as opposed to the Kabbalistic overtones of his earlier work?
6. Who invented the idea of overtone montage?
7. Michael Fried claims that there exists an order of art objects that can be described as having an utterly pure presence, opposing this notion to what he terms the taint of theatricality in most contemporary art objects. Theatricality is therefore seen as a negative trait of artworks, implying that the notion of a dialog with the viewer is of lesser importance than some sort of ahistorical essence. Can this theory really be used as a defence of the work of artists such as Olitsky, and how can it be reconciled with any attempt to discuss morality in the production and consumption of objects?
8. Whatever happened to Ian Curtis?
9. How many times a year does October come out?
10. I'm trying to separate the wheat from the chaff; what would you recommend in the way of a feminist defence of sado-masochism?

Bonus Question: Do you give head?

Scoring: 20-15 points: jump on it now, they don't come much smarter. 14-10 points: all right for an evening, but avoid commitment. 9-5 points: don't expect much. 4 points or below: forget it; go home and watch Bill Moyers' Journal again. (If the answer to the bonus question is "yes," ignore all above scoring.)

m

brains**bio**





He's currently engaged in advanced research in particle physics at the University of Texas in Austin. His undergraduate work at MIT included a double major in philosophy and the physics of music. He also spent a year at Harvard studying Latin, Greek and Hebrew. He has composed string quartets, translated 14th century German Love Poetry, and Aristotle's Physics, and helped direct a production of *The Bacchae* that was performed on a football field. His interests include spelunking, fencing, and skiing. We think the world of him. You will too.

ONE HANDED FICTION

From *Neurotica*

Fantasy and desire are living things. They are born, like children, and they must be nourished. They know hunger and thirst, for which it is our duty to provide, and they are willful. The pain of our neglect is extraordinary.

You and I were worlds apart, and the times—my times—were not yet so permissive. But, sadly, it is here where my sex began, where the child of all consequent experience was conceived: Here in the cold dark womb of denial.

Your chest. Once, I had seen you without your shirt and as you bent to tie your shoes, the glowing muscle of your stomach rippled, it was like music. And when you stood I saw your nipples then, each pointing slightly from the corner of its square taunt breast, and I was lost.

Later, when we stare at each other from across the halls, I could see them, touch them through your shirt, and a dream began to form, that to this day I can remember:

You wait for me and we walk home together. We are shy, and barely speak, but when we get to my house, I ask you in. No one is home. We go up to my room, closing the door behind us, and I pour you a glass of wine as you sit on my bed. You drink and a small trickle of wine escapes your lips and drips slowly down your chin. I stare at it as if it were your blood, and your tongue follows carefully.

Your smile, then, as you unbutton your shirt and the top of your pants. Leaning

back onto the bed, you drink again; and again the wine spills from the corner of your mouth. It falls slowly down your neck, down along the deep furrow of your chest, and stops at your stomach in a tiny pool. And then, with your finger, you push it further, in a glistening streak towards the dark blond hair of your crotch.

I moan slightly as I walk over to the bed, and fall upon my weakened knees between your legs. I lower my head, then, and begin the long ascent of your body, upward to those tits I have so longed to suck.

Neil Wach

Intellectual Bombshell

Open:

(I am seated in an arm chair, right side to audience, reading a leather-bound book. I look at audience once, then back to book. I wet my fingers and turn the page.)

I always preferred books to people. I am an intellectual. My fingers are raw from the spines of books; my eyes hurt because I read too much. As Nietzsche says, "The will to truth which still tempts us to many a hazardous enterprise, that celebrated veracity of which all philosophers have hitherto spoken of with reverence: what questions this will to truth has already set before us!" ...Yet I too have some needs less intellectual than others.

(Throw down book)

Yesterday I was in the post office and I began to make a list—If we were all trapped here, who would I sleep with? Who would I sleep with if I had to sleep with *someone*? What would we talk about? I began to make a list. I do this in every post office, on every airplane, and in every theatre.

OK, I'm funny-looking. I could gain some weight, and in the wrong light I look green; I read too much: my eyes are squinted.

I met Leonard in the showers. He is a weight lifter. Twice as big as I am: in both directions. I smiled, he smiled back. I fluffed my pubic hair and smiled again. No dice. He went to dry himself in the foyer. By flapping my towel over his head, I gained his attention. He was adorable. (I can't believe I used such a word!) It was clear that he was no intellectual. Usually the size of my brain, alone, will convince anyone, I think. *Cogito ergo sum*: I think therefore I am. How did I get him to sleep with me? I reasoned with him.

"Think about it," I said, "you look like Greek statuary, but I'm a philosopher." This did not provoke him. "Beauty is transient," I said, as though I meant it. "Platonic philosophy has existed for two thousand years. And long after we're dead, Kant and Hegel will still matter; enlightenment values will determine our epistemological framework and continue to define the project of modernity."

Leonard looked at me curiously. He gazed at my prominent forehead. I could see that he wasn't as ready to leave as he had been a minute ago. "Since before Socrates began to teach," I told him with a loving gaze, "aspiring young men have always come to the wise to gain wisdom." Leonard neglected to notice that I was younger than he was. My eyelashes are too short; my eyes

would look larger if the lashes were longer. He wore those little shorts with slits at the side; every step he took revealed revealed a glimpse of his upper thigh and his *gluteus maximus*. He mentioned that it was time for his flavored protein shake.

I related an incident in which I had noticed that the MOMA had transposed the labels on two of El Lissitzky's paintings. Leonard put one leg on the bench to steady himself. In fact I had been walking through the galleries with Susan Sontag, who herself failed to notice. Subsequently, in the *New York Review of Books*, Susan generously acknowledged my perspicacity.

Leonard's knees got weak when I mentioned the *NYRB*, for some reason. He grabbed the bannister. I slid my hand between his legs. "The workers must seize the means of production," I said. I told him about my translation of *Baudelaire's* prose poems. I traced the five major muscle groups, beginning with the pectoralis major. I delineated Nietzsche's Will to Power. In effect I have quite a theory about Nietzsche and his sister. Poor Nietzsche, oh Nietzsche! My experiment succeeded. "I need 'ja too," Leonard said. He asked me to come home with him. "You could teach me things," he said. "Maybe you can teach me Italian so I can read D-D-Dante. You could stay in the room upstairs," he said. "There's lots of space for all your books."

(pick book up)

We got up to go. I dropped the book I was reading—an elegantly bound volume of Alexander Pope's poems. "Wow!" he said, "What's that?" "Alexander Pope," I told him. "I can read," he said, pointing inside the cover: "What's

that?" Endpapers. You know what endpapers are; those swirly designs: I believe they are the first specimens of psychedelic art. I love endpapers. I want to wear them, paper the walls with them, and eat them.

M. Viegner

The Brain

The brain, soft, grey and furrowed, lies protected from harm within a bony vault, the cranium (skull). It is about the size and shape of a head of cauliflower and

has been described as a "great raveled knot" a "modest bowl of pinkish jelly," and "a rather messy substance of the consistency of porridge." The exterior of the brain is grey in color, while its inner portions are white. The grey matter consists of the cell bodies of neurons; the white matter is made up of axons. The white appearance is due to the fatty myelin sheaths that surround these axons and act as intercommunicating cables (tracts) between various regions of the brain.



BRAINSyllabus



required

material

Jean Francois Lyotard - *Pacific Wall (Le Mur De Pacifique)* Lapis Press

For those of you who have a fetish for beautifully bound, expensive, esoteric books—and you know who you are (how many Zone books do you possess anyway?)—this baby from Lapis Press is a must-own. Artily designed by Patrick Dooley with a piss(elegant)-tinted plastic slip cover, overlaying a nightmarish photograph by J. Stephen Hicks of a woman floating corpse-like in pool-blue water, this book also features wrap-around titles on clear plastic, printed in a Barbara Kruger red Futura Bold, and two fold-outs, detailing Ed Keinholz's *Five Car Stud* (1971).

This work has been translated by Bataille buff Bruce Boone. (Bruce is one of those sweet rare finds who does not remove his glasses when in a leather bar.) The text (one can assume) is smartly written, though far too brief to give away here. What's important is that at a retail price of over \$40.00 (w/tax), your fantasies of being seen with soon-to-be-obscure texts can come true with this handsomely crafted, hardbound essay. The intoxicating aroma of thick high-quality paper, the ceremonial removal of the title band, the masterfully confident type face—all will more than earn their way into your (almost) overly impressive library.

Pixies *Here Comes Your Man* ep

The title track is the best pop the Pixies have ever recorded, but it's the second and third songs that finally convinced me that I wanted them to fuck me, especially the tranced out version of *Wave of Mutilation*. We can only shake our heads and mourn the fact that Nico didn't live long enough to cover it. Other highlight: Kim Deal saying "Go and you go real far go and you go real far just past the big quasar just past the big quasar" on *Into the White*, a really good song about falling asleep.

Amok Books - *Fourth Dispatch*

If you like reading book review blurbs (and try telling us you don't when here we've caught you in the midst of one!) then run out a.s.a.p. and grab yourself a copy of this Sears-thick catalog. Wonderfully illustrated with some of the best clip art available. Not only are these blurbs tight, witty and plentiful, a good deal of the literature they carry at Amok Books is pretty hot as well.

808 State - *Cubik*

It's the one with the really loud synthesizer going *enh-enh-ENH-eh* over and over. *The Power* for the Uranus crowd. Could almost bring back the spastic hopping around that people used to do to *Ca Plain Pour Moi*. Great for getting up to.

Angela Carter - *The Sadeian Woman and the Ideology of Pornography*

***This will be on the test**

Ms. Carter can sit on my queer face. If you picked up this mag because you truly believe the mind to be the emerging sex-tool of the 90s, read *The Sadeian Woman* now. This feminist reading of the Marquis De Sade shines brilliantly beyond social history. The prose in this work stands unapologetically within a relationship between sexuality and power. It is a liberating and cunt-smart body of text, as well as a strong case in point for individuality beyond all "respected" boundaries.

Meatmen Volume 8

This series of Gay Male comics is uneven fare (but by reviewing it we can reproduce the panel below in good conscience). Donelan makes condoms look cute, and Kurt Erichen gets bonus points for having a strip named after a bearded, glasses-wearing character, but the best artists here are the ones who go for raging excess, like The Hun, and best of all Mike, whose *Love Slaves of the Sea Wolf* is one of the most important historical investigations published within the last ten years. A sample: "Some wandered on their hands and knees like begging dogs eager to slide their lips over and around a big, swaying, blood-heavy cock with clear juice oozing out of its slit and with a foreskin all puffy and drooping in sagging folds like juicy, wet lips puckering for a kiss." If that's not sentence structure, I don't know what is.

From The Cadet Club by Sean in Meatmen Volume 8

Georges Bataille - The Story of the Eye

"I liked the part about the egg"

John Coltrane - Johnny Hartman John Coltrane & Johnny Hartman Impulse! records

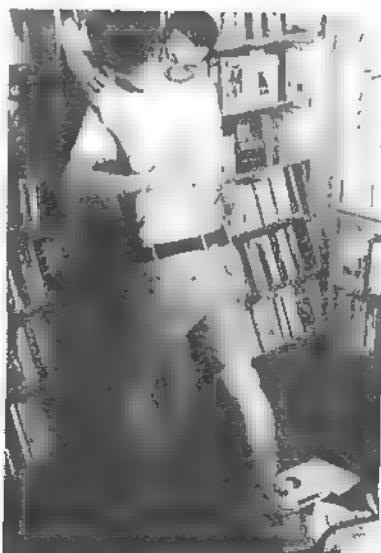
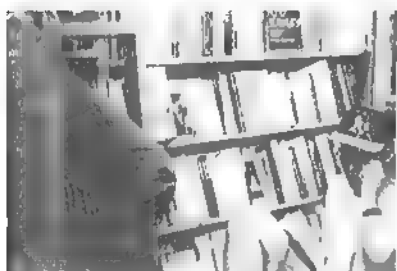
Friends scoff when I put this on, but after a few minutes they quiet right down. Why? Because Johnny Hartman has got the perfect voice. If you don't pay attention you think he's a crooner, but Hartman would never stoop to milking a line, or overembellishing, or being smug. He doesn't have to. This is also the heroic point of Coltrane's quartet, who play here with incredible restraint and nuance. For those who like to hear people thinking out loud. Also contains the definitive version of *Lush Life*, Billy Strayhorn's brilliant depiction of ennui, bile and exhaustion in the face of love; "Romance is mush, stifling those who strive..."



RESEARCH:



Here amongst the stranger-than-fiction section we find Alex and Dean diving deep into (a little ways from) homework.



Photos: Rodney Onell Austin

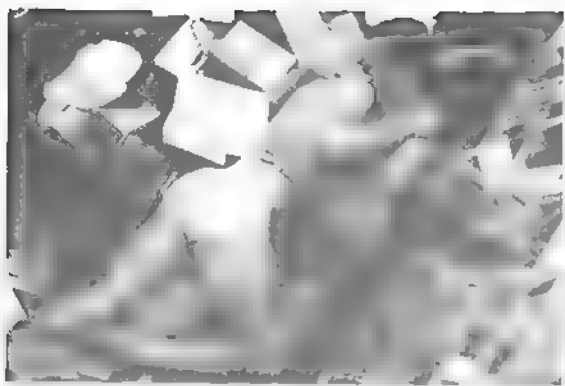


Alex, sporting an aquatic mammal tattoo and a smart pair of "O" frame specs, received his bachelor's in English lit. A student of Annie Dillard's at Wesleyan, Alex has gone on to pursue writing both in short story and essay format. His works speak to the conditions of his upbringing reflected upon the larger circumstance of those communities of which he is so intricately a part. Alex's prose serves as a vindication of the voiceless. Speaking out for gay Asians, sex-angsted youths and the generally restless, Alex's works have appeared in *Crimes Tabloid*, *The Holt Introduction to Literature* and he is the co-author of an upcoming guide book, *Queer City*. A political activist as well, Alex is one of the founding members of ACT-UP's M.S.P. (Multiple Sex Partners) caucus. Here we find him promoting the crusade between chapters of beaucoup de feminism. His upfront sensibilities left us impressed not to mention his well—formed and—directed body politic. As this document clearly reveals, Dean too was moved by his well-structured arguments.

The thoughtful Dean is a Foucault—interpreted dream. His work formulates in a more visual context, but remains as analytical as any written theory. There is a heavy bent on the historical sciences in Dean's work; the air of experiment leans toward sadism. We find this especially poignant at a time when the American Medical Association is saturated in such sinister scandal as to resemble the cruelest of Sadian dungeons.

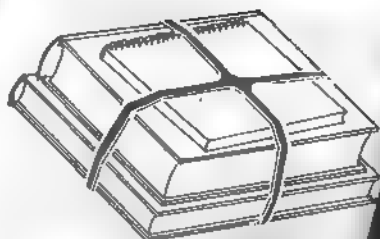
Together they make quite a case for the merits of hard study, and where it may lead: Taking a break from the body of the text, our boys explore the physical sciences with deft results. Go girls!







Bondage Corner



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Into
One
Snug
Bundle!**

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 - Exercise
 - Storage
 - Party favors

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P E R S O N A L S

"The personal is the political" - old new leftist saying

MFA seeks drop-out cuz I need my Monster Brain rubbed. U should be as stupid as all get out and yer cunt-brain should be a nice envelope for my hard, big-ass thought. U gotta B dead so I can will U into some, low, primitive form of existence. U B primal slime and I will think yer creation cuz profundity gallops out of my brain like horses from a burning barn. Fierce, ravenous thinkings can't help but be mine and they need some plump boy cushion to sink their weight into. They could fit very well on U. Doctor Bones need bone-head, pronto. L.A. Area Brains Box# A1



I like 'em big and smart. Hairy, burly, glasses-toting men who have a thinker's build. Prepare to put down your book and park your meat in the butt of this 30 y.o., articulate bottom. Waiting to be trussed and provoked into giving tongue baths and oral reports. If you know your stuff, and you want it hot, long and heady, contact the thinking man's fuck buddy. Photos returned with mine. S.F. Area Brains Box# A2

Penpals Wanted. Two brill writers (different genres), very responsible, fun penpals seek stimulating you. Our interests: Vija Celmins, gardening, vegetarian cooking, kind people, Buddhism, inarticulate youth rebelling against insensitive societal institutions, music (all types), *River's Edge*, gaypunkzines, boys' adventures novels, writing (all types), etc., etc.. All types of people please write us c/o our new storybook apartment. Love, The Bookie and the Belovee. L. A. area, Boxholder A3

Bookends Needed for oddball collection of short stories and novels. Prefer plastic and or metal to wood: basic form with strong, clean lines to over—designed, ornate or very traditional form: surface treatments OK: preference for units in a variety of colors or darker tones to all white: used OK: should have at least one oversized unit; shippability a factor; frechand designs, photocopy or photos to: New York area Boxholder A4

GAmerican M 22, Biker/Writer/Slut-a-go-go, self-educated despite my college's best attempts. I love states of constant acceleration, J. Winterson, light bondage, dancing until I drop, and long motorcycle rides at 3am. I am self-deprecating and arrogant, impatient with mediocrity and insincerity, in love with hubris. Fatal flaws get me heated up. You must be driven by passion and the need to push out limits. Do you feel marked by gods and demons, ave you gone through hell and back and looked death in the face? Does individualism give you ecstasy, conformity turn your heart to ash? Do you get *it*? Exhibitionism is appreciated and humor a

given, tattoos a blessing and scandals a plus. No needles or drunks; good body's great if you know how to use it. I don't necessarily want someone on the back of my bike if they can drive their own. Don't waste my time.
Bay Area Boxholder A5

Classical Musician seeks Students. Large instruments only (cellos and basses). No violins or violas. Pull out your instrument, sit down, and spread your legs. We will work on all positions from half to seventh, as well as using the thumb as a finger nut in the upper positions of the fingerboard and at the neck. Work on the upward and downward extensions in all positions and using the fourth finger in thumb position. We will focus on the output of your instrument and learn the functions of the various parts of your instrument: the neck, head, two f-holes, tailpiece, etc. Newer techniques taught for those interested in unusual performance practices (percussive, theatrical, etc.). Metronome service for those requiring extra discipline. One on one lessons at first. Group lessons and master classes may be arranged At a later time. First lesson free. **New York area Boxholder A6**

Your thoughts are garments which flatter you but which you are happy to shed, leaving them crumpled in a patch of sunlight on the gleaming wooden floor. Desire is defined as trouble—troubled water, troubled expression, troubled gaze—so trouble me, be consciousness made flesh, a thought is a glint of light on the surface of your mind, I like to kiss the forehead, the temple, the earlobe, the top of the spine, to form a caress between the things that speak and the things that hear and contemplate, fingers mapping the unknown landscapes of you, a tongue to linn the stars of your dark constellations, an ear for all your

polysyllabic murmurings **S.F. Area Boxholder A7**

Thin Man/28, seeking one to two liaisons for series of unnatural acts. Your greatest attribute would be a strong imagination and the motor skills to use it. (Willing to train those with little experience but high interest. Willing to be trained by those of great experience and low standards.) My interests don't necessarily reflect yours, merely complement: film noir (the noir-er the better), petty theft, small bruises, gesture, calculated costuming/improvised scenarios/Gothic impulses, bed-time stories and compromising positions, urban forests, lipstick traces, *Rope*, spying, Lycanthropy, working up a good sweat and other applied sciences. No commitment required beyond an attentive regard to pleasure and the artful performance thereof. Send well-worded arguments, sincere curiosities, scraps of metal and/or entertaining fantasies as quickly as your nimble fingers may forge them; likewise will they be answered. **San Francisco Area Boxholder A8**

ECCE HOMO - Irate Catholic queer boy, 36, slightly shaggy, versatile top, seeks other queer boys of an orange—bandanna bent for late night/early morning indoor/outdoor adventures. You are spiritually active, sexually positive, quick-witted, and love music (eclectic), literature and reading together, hiking, camping, long walks in the city, and trashing those with ill-informed art attitude. Those harboring a secret desire for encounters in the fog will be especially appreciated. Abusers of substance, executives, fashion plates and car phones generally are not acceptable. Interested? Send photo and letter. **San Francisco Area Boxholder A9**

An Idea So Perfect, I'm Already exhausted!
GWM 25-35 seeks man o' war for desperate entries and the right projects. Let's meet and groan beneath the weight of all the details and possibilities, you controlling, horse-hung stud. What the hell do you have to lose anyway? Too late: you've just been nominated for another award. Your vitae gets mine. **San Francisco Area Boxholder A10**

To Advertise:

Ads cost \$5 per issue for the first 25 words, plus \$1 for every additional ten words or portion thereof. Please fill out the form below to place an ad. Ad writers are encouraged to phrase their ads in a positive way. State your preferences rather than endlessly listing your "no's." (BRAINS welcomes the contributions of fats, fems and phonies).

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1. Seal your letter in an envelope with your return address in the upper left hand corner.
2. Place your letters in a larger envelope addressed to BRAINS, 1316 Dolores Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94110. Add the code number of the ad you are answering.
3. Include \$1 for each envelope you are including. Letters will be forwarded to boxholders immediately upon receipt. Letters sent without handling charge will be discarded.

**A
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(No crayon, please)

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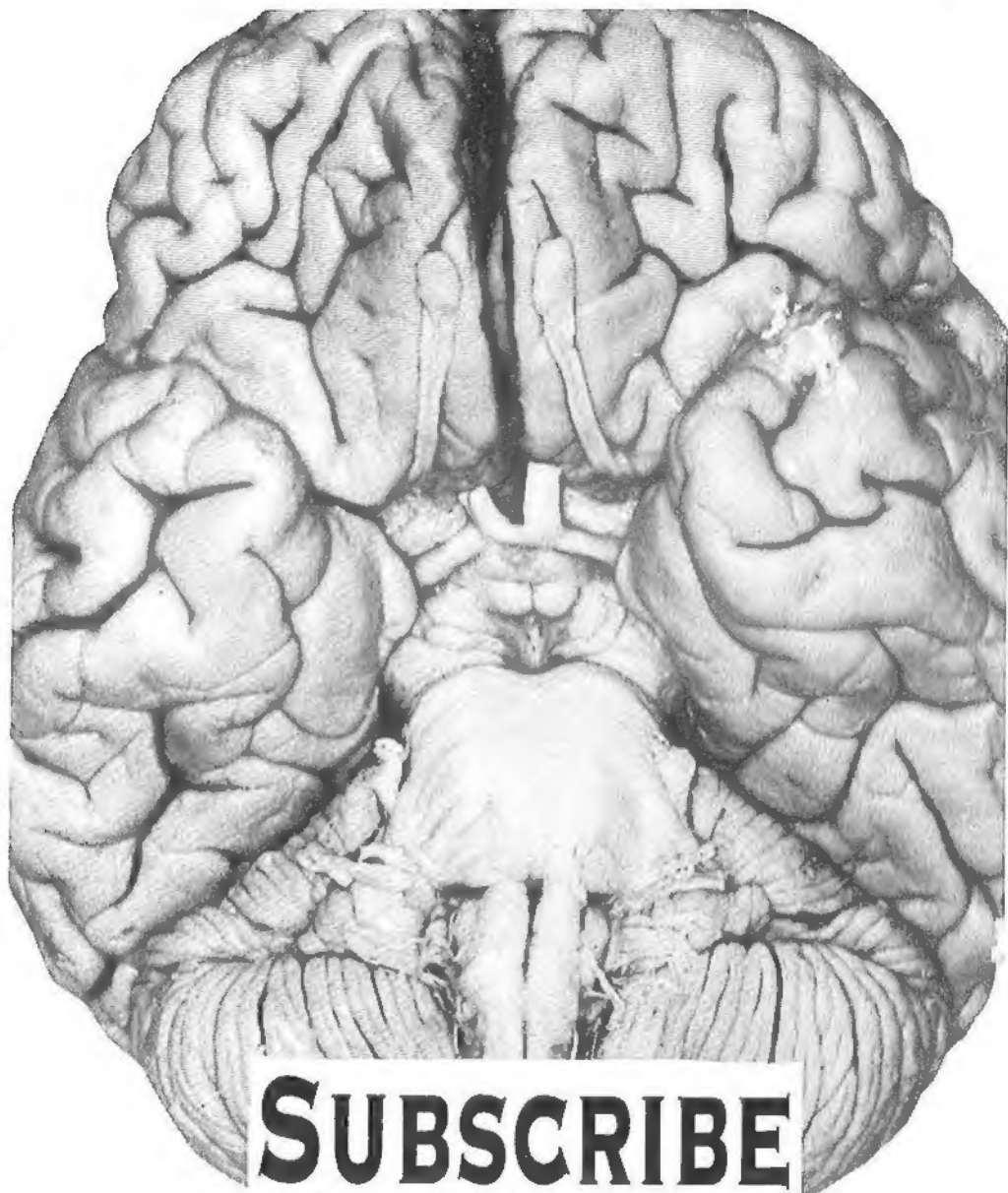
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of*